

Good Morning 294

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

"Screams off" for Stars

HAVE you ever heard Paul-ette Goddard scream? Or Claudette Colbert? Or Bette Davis? Answer is, boys, you may think you have. But you haven't!

If any of these gals screamed they would risk their salary. If Bette Davis let herself go, for instance, it might mean danger of her voice breaking down for hours. You can't risk a star's voice in the midst of an expensive production.

So Bette Davis just looks as if she's screaming—and Alice Doll does it for her.

Alice gets quite a large salary for screeching for the best-known stars of Hollywood.

She can vary her cries to fit the personalities and the voices of the stars for whom she screams—so that the filmgoer finds nothing unnatural in the superimposed performance. She is one of those tremendously important screen-folk of whose existence you never—well, hardly ever—hear.

Sally Belle Cox is another. She makes over a hundred dollars a week by obliging studios when they need the sound of a crying baby. And all because she once worked at an orphanage.

TAUGHT BY ORPHANS. Orphans, she found, cried so loudly that she turned savage and started imitating them.

The orphans were so delighted with her imitation that they ceased their howls and laughed instead. Now there's no stopping Sally.

Horace Whitley gets rather tired of being just beyond the range of the camera whenever the set is being drenched in a torrential downpour. He wants to become a comedian, and he considers he has the most miserable job in the world.

He walks through a world that frolics in the sunshine, knowing that he has to produce a London shower that afternoon and a Chinese typhoon the next day, and some other sort of tropical thunderstorm on Wednesday next.

That's why Rain-maker Whitley looks enviously at Abbott and Costello.

It's queer that so little fame should have come to the man who perfected the sound-faking system, Leonard Mitchell.

Weather-Men Making Dough

Says "Humph" Newell

IN peace, just as much as in war, the weather plays a very big part in our lives and schemes. At the moment some of the greatest brains in the world are engaged upon the task of correctly forecasting weather conditions for the armed forces.

The Germans have always placed a great faith in the ability of their meteorological experts. One of the most important of the Luftwaffe's high officers, General Willibald Spang, is chief of the German Air Force's Meteorological Office, and has played a big part in the planning of many of the Nazis' biggest operations.

In Norway, Greece, Crete, and when the German warships ran through the English Channel, Spang's experts supplied Admiral Raeder with the information that enabled the German Fleet to be ready when visibility became almost nil for the attacking British forces.

It is appreciated by the Germans that we in Britain have a "Met." staff as good as that possessed by the Nazis, for although we may not have spent such large sums as the Germans on this very necessary side of modern life, our scientists were just that bit smarter than their German counterparts, and the lead we established many years ago has never been lost.

In the early 1930s, a young weather forecaster in the United States, Irving P. Krick by name, decided to take a refresher course at one of the big Californian institutes.

One of the Professors under whom he studied was Beno Gutenberg, who had been a weather forecaster for the German General Staff during the first World War

LONG TERM.

Gutenberg interested young Krick in long-term forecasting—telling likely weather conditions far in advance of the normal forecasts—and in 1934, when he was 28 years of age, Krick went to Norway and Germany on a Rockefeller Grant.

In Germany he discovered that the weather forecasters had developed their art far greater than anywhere else—and although few people were aware of this fact at the time, Willibald Spang, once an anti-Nazi, was the brain behind this organisation.

Behind every move he made, the Nazis planned to one day use the organisation to further their war plans.

Returning home, Krick at once set to work to apply the knowledge he had acquired in Germany to his post as chief of the Krick Industrial Weather Service. This was an organisation he had successfully developed for the purpose of supplying various businesses with information as to likely weather conditions.

Firms that relied upon the weather for their trade found this to be a very good investment. Baseball Clubs, for example, could get some idea whether or not it might rain and so ruin their "gate"; makers of summer drinks knew where it was likely to be hottest—and could arrange for extra supplies of their drinks before the heat-wave occurred; in fact, hundreds of commercial bodies relied upon the Krick organisation to assist them to make a profit.

In return, Irving picked up many fat cheques. In Hollywood his uncanny ability to produce charts that will enable producers to make plans far ahead has saved studios many thousands of pounds.

Before he arrived on the scene the big film companies had to take a chance on the weather when out-of-doors scenes were "shot." To-day, before setting out upon such an expedition, the order is "Consult Krick."

30 MAR 1944



IT'S SWEET-SMELLING ONIONS, NOW

By RON GARTH

"PEOPLE imagine we wear clogs merely to imitate the Dutch," said the man from Spalding. "But we've discovered that Dutchmen in the tulip fields wear clogs deliberately."

"We've learned the Dutch secret that walking over the earth in clogs helps to crack the outer skin of the bulbs—and pushes the crop forward."

In Britain's Holland, in Lincolnshire, bulbs compete nowadays with wartime onions, but the tulips and gladioli still come smiling through.

Just fifty years ago, the British bulb industry was born when five enthusiastic amateur gardeners sent their blooms to Covent Garden. Their few hundred bunches were lost beneath the mountains of flowers from Holland and France.

Recently we sent 40,000,000 bulbs to South America. Tulips, strange to say, help provide foreign currency to enable us to purchase the sinews of war.

Market authorities once thought it impossible to grow bulbs in Britain.

They were amazed when the Lincolnshire pioneers lifted the first twenty acres. Since then, one family of

growers alone—the Whites—are reputed to have made £500,000 from tulip-time.

Twenty million tulips are still growing among the vegetables in British gardens. If their proud owners have been like me, they must have wondered why, after three or four years, the bulbs shrink and scarcely become worth replanting.

The reason, so the tulip farmers tell me, is that only Lincolnshire has perfect tulip soil. On its seven thousand acres of tulip farms they have planted—hold your breath!—2,000,000,000 bulbs.

Even in normal times, not all of these came to gladden our streets. Millions of Britain's tulips are beheaded to maintain the full strength of the chlorophyll in the bulb.

To-day, in the windmill country, onions, potatoes and other root crops are being grown. The growers look at the silt and say, "Good tulip soil!" Root crops always have been grown there, and tulips are borne only one year in three. So it's sweet-smelling onions now!

When one realises the scope that was offered to Krick's organisation before the war, and the giant steps that we have made in many directions since, it is not difficult to understand why "Post-War Weather Men" will be among the most important technicians in the world.

With passenger planes and transports flying the world's airways, it will be essential for everyone concerned to know what conditions are likely to be over certain areas.

With such organisations as Krick's able to supply accurate data—they reckon to be accurate 97 times out of every hundred forecasts—flyers will take the air knowing full well that everything has been done to assure that they will not run into difficult conditions.

Speed will be increased, too, if pilots are given directions as to areas to avoid, and crashes, as well, will be much fewer.

In fact, everyone, from the flyer to the farmer, from the summer drink producer to the owner of a seaside boarding-house, will benefit.

Before the war the weather, especially in Britain, was a source of worry to those planning a holiday, wedding, garden party, or cricket match. "Weather Men" will probably solve all these worries—and others besides!

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



Weather Testing Balloon

always dying in hundreds about the studios.

When he furnishes 150 moths to fly around the lights in an old dark house, he rarely expects to see more than ten return.

Possibly that's why his fees are high. Possibly that is why the unknown film folk deserve a scrap of limelight. Their job is never a sinecure!

—And he's Stars' 10-percenter

FELLOW in London who's hot on the heels of any potential star is licensed by the L.C.C.

Ten per cent. of any star he "finds" goes into his pockets. And when a client makes £100 a day—that's not so bad, either.

A star's manager, as the agent politely calls himself, may have a score or more artistes on his books. But, of course, they don't all make £100 a day—not by a long chalk—and quite a few of them may not be working at all.

The agent does this for his 10 per cent.:

He watches for coming parts suitable for his clients; he argues with producers about salary and tries to boost it up; he gets a satisfactory contract; he sees that the part does nothing to hurt the reputation of the star; and—most of all—he makes certain that the money comes in after being earned.

Occasionally the agent will also look after his client's income tax affairs, arrange travelling arrangements, buy a house, send flowers, rent a flat, send flowers to a friend—and (it has been known) fix up weddings. Quite a factotum, in fact, for his 10 per cent.!

Stars are often hopeless at minding their own affairs. Peace of mind for 10 per cent. is cheap at the price, say the stars.





By Geo Nixon

KNOW YOUR CAMERA

I HAVE found a number of people who do not fully understand the controls of their simple box cameras.

All cameras of this kind have three controls, i.e., the shutter release, film wind, and the time-exposure lever. There is, however, a fourth control on many of these cameras; this is known as the "stop lever"; actually, it controls the lens aperture, and is usually situated by the side of the time lever. (See fig. 1.)

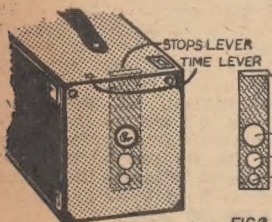


FIG 1

FIG 2

The stop-lever control is a strip of metal with three holes in it, large, medium and small (see fig. 2), which slides in front of the lens. The largest of these holes is the same diameter as the lens, and is known as "open aperture." This hole will naturally be in position when the lever is pressed right in. The medium hole will be in position when the lever is halfway out (it clicks into place), while the smallest hole will be set when the lever is fully extended. If your camera has one of these gadgets examine it, but not, of course, when it is loaded.

The best way to observe the working of the stops is as follows: Open the shutter by means of raising the time lever and pressing the shutter release, then manipulate the slide up and down. The action of reducing the aperture of the lens does not cut your picture off, as the image rays pass through the pin-point centre of the hole. What it does do is to reduce the amount of light rays which are reflected by the lens on to the film (fig. 3).

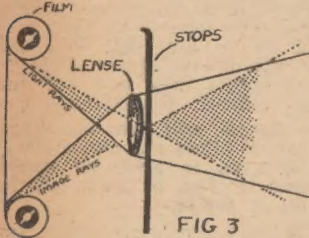


FIG 3

In this way you can adjust the exposure of the film, according to how bright the existing light may be.

Thus, presuming you are using an ordinary verichrome or similar film in mid-day summer sunlight, in England, the following table could be used:

Seascapes and distant landscapes . . . smallest stop
Portraits, groups, or views with objects in foreground . . . medium stop
All other subjects, such as street scenes, woodland scenes, or even the previously mentioned subjects in bad light . . . largest stop

This table is meant only as an approximate guide, and the photographer must still use his own judgment according to circumstances. For instance, tropical sunlight at practically any time of the day is equivalent to the brightest light in England.

Another very important advantage in using the smallest

I HOPE all amateur photographers will appreciate the difficulty of interesting every reader with useful information regarding the arts and crafts of this highly technical hobby. Many of you will know very little about photography apart from snapshotting with a "Brownie," while others were probably regular exhibitors to the London and Parisian salons before the war.

However, at the risk of boring the experts (although even the masters occasionally make beginners' mistakes), I have written this first article mainly for the very raw box-camera "button-pusher." And I hope you liked my photos in "Good Morning."

stop is that you increase the sharpness and improve the definition of small detail in your pictures.

Some of the better-class box cameras have yet another gadget, a portrait attachment. This is a supplementary lens, fixed on the front of the normal lens. When extended, it will enable you to take sharp pictures at distances of three to twelve feet which would otherwise be out of focus or muzzy.

"SNAP SHORTS"

Check your breath at the moment when you press the button, and hold the camera very steady.

Whenever practicable, rest your camera on a firm support.

Very good pictures can be secured by photographing against the light, but if you try this, be sure to shade the lens from direct sunlight.

Remember—films are scarce; choose your subjects carefully, and don't make two exposures when one will do.

Never load or unload your camera in bright sunlight; do so in a shady spot.

Very hot climates can ruin your film and your camera. A wise photographer keeps his camera in its case when not in use.

USELESS EUSTACE



"There! If it wasn't for the wear and tear on the coupons you wouldn't have got off so light!"

JANE



YES, IT'S NO USE BLINDING MYSELF ANY LONGER, FRITZ!—GEORGIE HAS THROWN ME OVER!

To-day's Brains Trust

ROUND the discussion table to-day we have an Astronomer, a Historian, an Archaeologist, and a Philosopher, to tackle the question:—

Is a perfect calendar, in which there is an exact number of weeks in a month and an exact number of months in a year, possible? Couldn't our present calendar be greatly improved by modern scientific knowledge?

Astronomer: "The answer to all points is No, because the year is the period the earth takes to revolve round the sun, and the month is the period the moon takes to revolve round the earth, and the moon does not revolve round the earth an exact number of times in a year. Again, a day is the period the earth takes to rotate on its axis, but there is neither an exact number of days in a month nor in a year."

"There are 365½ days in a year, so that every calendar year of 365 days leaves us a quarter of a day short. Every four years this adds up to a whole day short, so we have a Leap Year and add it on."

"Actually, this rather overdoes the correction, so that the Leap Year is omitted every century. And this again makes a slight over-correction the other way, so that we include the Leap Year at every millennium, and so on. We just can't help it."

"The Solar System was not designed for the convenience of our calendar-makers."

Philosopher: "But why base the calendar on such inconvenient figures as the periods of rotation of heavenly bodies? I

suppose we must call a day a day, but couldn't we fix the year at exactly 364 days, and have exactly 13 months of 28 days in each year, and exactly 52 weeks? The day also could surely be divided up into an exact number of hours. I understand the present day isn't even 24 hours long."

Astronomer: "You could, of course, do all that, but the result in a few hundred years' time would be a nightmare."

"You would be having the English summer in December, the moons would be all out of step with the months, people who fancied they were living to 120 would in reality be dying at 80 or 90, and so on."

Philosopher: "I can't help thinking that none of that is of any real importance. The division of time into years is arbitrary. Even now, the moons don't keep pace with the months. There are about 13 new moons in a year of 12 months. A 'year' is surely what you choose to define it as. I say, let us choose it differently."

Astronomer: "Even the days are not all of equal length. The average is of 23 hours 56 minutes 4.09 seconds. You've got to base your calendar on something."

Philosopher: "But that's another reason for not sticking to Nature's awkward figures. Let's choose our average day as a 'day,' and then divide it by accurate clockwork into exactly 24 divisions, which we will call 'hours.' And so on."

"I am proposing an almost completely arbitrary measurement of time, since a completely natural one is too complex to be practicable."

Historian: "One very good reason for continuing with the present calendar is that it has had a long historical record. It is true that the ancients had calendars which differed in detail from ours, but that was due chiefly to the inaccuracy of their astronomical observations. All calendars, from time immemorial, have been based on the observed rotation of heavenly bodies."

"They were not originally intended for the convenience of philosophers, but of farmers, and they are not based on the year so much as on the seasons."

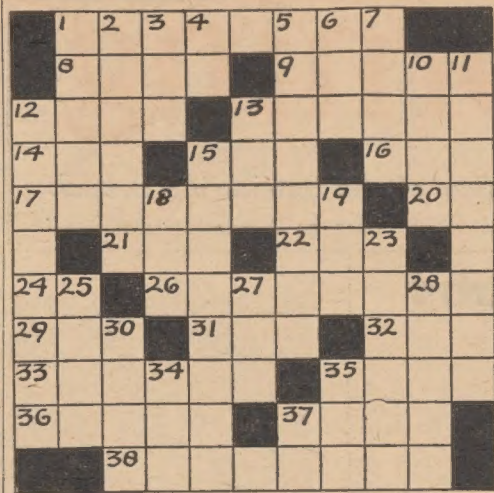
"Seed-time and harvest were periods of the utmost importance to our ancestors, who soon became quite well aware of the difficulties of calendar-making. A good crop is of more importance than a good clock. The calendar-makers must fit in with the moons and seasons, not the other way round."

Archaeologist: "I can only add to that a few examples of the early attempts that were made to overcome the difficulties. The oldest known calendar is Egyptian, and is dated at 4236 B.C. It had 12 months of 30 days, plus five 'heavenly' days, which made 365 days in the year. They did not bother about the odd quarter of a day, but made a note of it, and ob-

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Spaniel.
- 8 Seek custom.
- 9 Scotch landlord.
- 12 Pungent taste.
- 13 Apathy.
- 14 Assist.
- 15 Rank.
- 16 Make petition.
- 17 Supposes.
- 20 Thanks.
- 21 Pole.
- 22 Tosh.
- 24 From.
- 26 Extra job.
- 29 Former.
- 31 Sludge.
- 32 Vehicle.
- 33 Sounded horn.
- 35 Winter wear.
- 36 Golf club.
- 37 Lean over.
- 38 Places of shelter.



CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Step.
- 2 Muse.
- 3 Thick coverlet.
- 4 Pronoun.
- 5 Looked angry.
- 6 Corn spike.
- 7 Tears.
- 10 Evening party.
- 11 Visionaries.
- 12 Parts of plants.
- 13 Male animal.
- 15 Undeveloped part.
- 18 Help.
- 19 Musical note.
- 23 Label.
- 25 Sit awkwardly.
- 27 Failure.
- 28 Brads.
- 30 Hinged barrier.
- 34 Kick.
- 35 Ocean.
- 37 Pronoun.

COURT SPLIT
NURTURE A
ARISE MAVIS
METTLE TENT
PAY LIBERTY
G RIDES R
BEMUSED TUB
ANON RESEDA
STUNG WINES
T LEADED I
ENTRY DEEDS

J S Newcombe's
Short odd—But True

There was a shortage of fighting men in 1739 when Commodore Anson was ordered to the South Seas, so he drafted 500 Chelsea Pensioners, some of them old men of 80, to his ships. Not a single Pensioner survived the voyage.

The term "whipping boy" for someone who takes the blame for the faults of others was originally applied to the boy who was educated with a prince and was whipped when the prince, who couldn't be chastised, deserved punishment.

The leaves of the banana tree often grow to a length of ten feet.

"Equation of Time" is the difference between clock time and sundial time. It is greatest in November, when the sun is sixteen minutes behind. There is perfect accord between the two times only on April 15, June 15, August 31, and December 24.

"The love of God, the love of virtue, and the love of man," was the motto of the Essenes, a Jewish sect established in the second century B.C., aiming at a higher spirituality, and living an ascetic life. The Essenes were restricted to Palestine, and after the destruction of Jerusalem the sect died out.

Forgery was punished with death in England until the passing of the Forgery Act in 1861.

served that it automatically adjusts itself every 1,460 years.

"At about 125 B.C., Hipparchus proposed a super-year of 304 ordinary years, and based his division of time on some amazingly accurate observations of the lengths of the year and month. The number of days in Hipparchus's month was correct to four places of decimals."

"But the use of such super-years was much too cumbersome for practical purposes, and the calendar got into a thorough muddle till Julius Caesar ordered Sosigenes to construct something more workable. He altered New Year's Day from March to January 1st, and his system was used for about fifteen centuries."

Historian: "The Julian calendar was far from perfect, and by 1582 it was more than ten days ahead of the true date. So another revision was made, this time by Pope Gregory XIII, and his system is the one in use to-day. The present calendar produces an error of one day every 3,866 years."

QUIZ
for today

1. Applejack is a mechanical tool, cider press, costermonger, drink, small berry?
2. Who wrote (a) The Riddle of the Universe, (b) The Riddle of the Sands?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Egypt, France, Scotland, Ireland, India, Rhodesia, China?
4. How many Books are there in the Bible?
5. Why is the Dead Sea 'so called'?
6. What cricketer was known as the Demon Bowler?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Organism, Octoroon, Orcadian, Ossification, Ocultism, Ostopath?
8. Who won the 2,000 Guineas in 1943?
9. On a "ship" halfpenny, is the ship travelling from right to left, or left to right?
10. What is the speed of a swift?
11. Has the summit of Mount Everest ever been reached?
12. What are the colours of the Irish Free State flag?

Answers to Quiz
in No. 293

1. Italy.
2. (a) Darwin, (b) E. A. Poe.
3. Christ's Hospital is a school; others are hospitals.
4. Rome.
5. Naiads.
6. Joseph.
7. Luminous, Lenient.
8. Seven.
9. 106 m.p.h.
10. St. David.
11. British Guiana.

WANGLING
WORDS—249

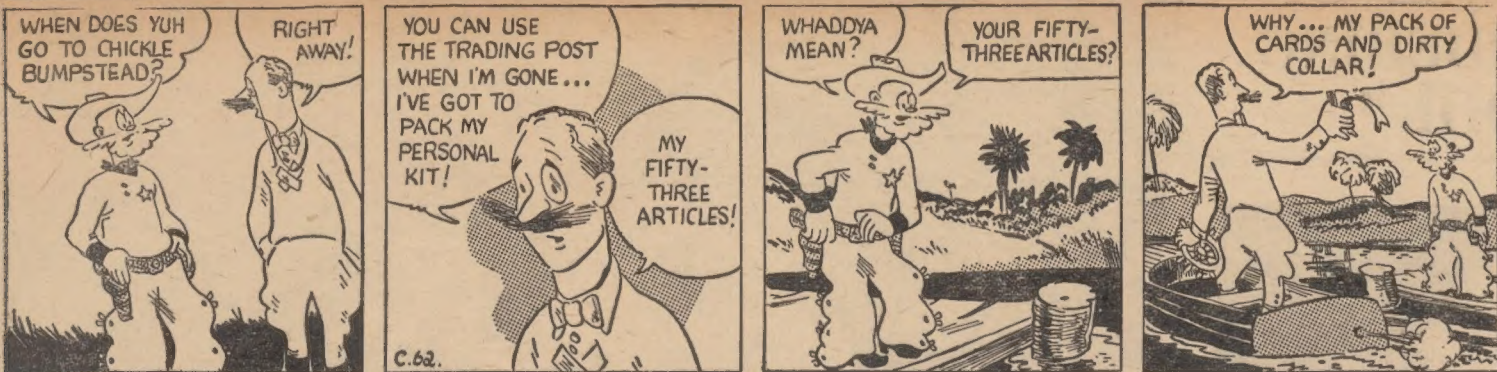
1. Put cut in PERE and make "stick it out."
2. Rearrange the letters of BURN ISLAND VILLAGE to make a writer and composer whose names are always associated.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: BAKE into PIES, PALE into ALES, WINE into WOOD, MAIL into DAYS.
4. How many three-letter, four-letter and five-letter words can you make from RIALTO?

Answer to Wangling
Words—No. 248

1. DrumMER.
2. ROOSEVELT.
3. JUG, JAG, JAB, NAB, NIB, NIL, AIL, ALL, ALE, JACK, HACK, HOCK, HOOK, BOOK, BOON, COON, COIN, JOIN, JOHN.
- SKIP, SKID, SAID, LAID, LARD, BARD, BARE, DARE, DAME, DAMP, DUMP, JUMP, ROSES, RISES, RISKS, RICKS, LICKS, LOCKS, LOOKS, BOOKS, BOORS, BOARS, SOARS, STARS, STARE, STORE, SHORE, SHORN, THORN.
4. DESPAIR, PRAISED.



BEELZEBUB JONES



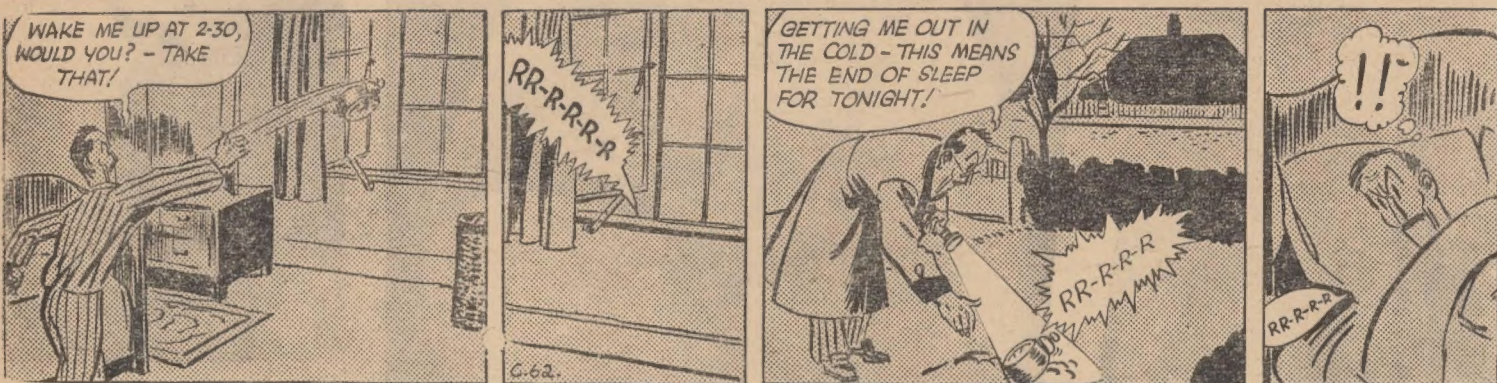
BELINDA



POPEYE



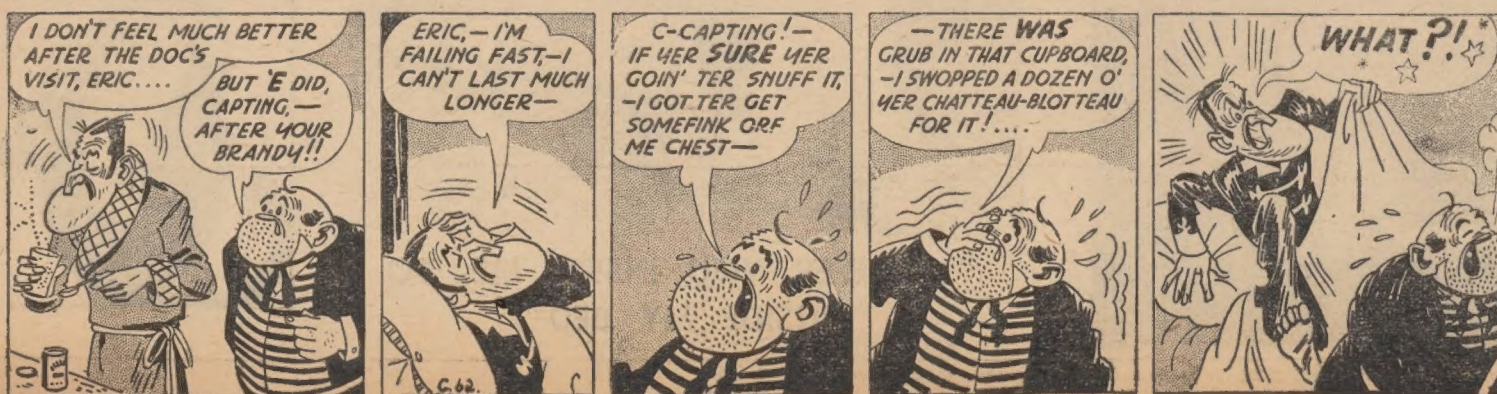
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



I GET AROUND- Ron Richards' COLUMN

I READ such a touching story in a London newspaper the other day. A poor man who had a dozen shirts was actually forced to wear the only one that wasn't at the laundry for five consecutive days. To do justice to this tragedy, I quote the paper:-
"This is the story of a £10,000-a-year man and his 12 shirts.
"He lives in an expensive service flat near the Ritz Hotel. Three weeks ago he had eight clean shirts; four were at the laundry.
"To-day, 11 of his shirts are at the laundry, and he is wearing the remaining shirt for the fifth day running. Each night the cuffs and collar of the shirt are washed and ironed."
Isn't that just too, too dreadful for words! I mean to say, old boy...

ANOTHER case obviously deserving pity comes from a trade paper:-
"Experienced journalist, tiring of £1,750-a-year job with London daily, is ready to negotiate for Provincial Editorship..."
What an utter bore this world can be!

AT Marylebone (London) I met a "fairy godmother" in uniform. She moved from coach to coach making passengers feel at home.
Alice is the name-"Alice from Manchester"-Mrs. Alice Shields, the L.N.E.R.'s first woman railway attendant of the war.
There is nothing official about Alice, a former Manchester shop assistant. But she is doing a man's job that no mere male could do so well. A tired mother with a baby walked along the platform seeking a seat.
Alice was there in a flash. To find a seat for mother and child was the work of a moment. And in a few moments more Alice was back again with a cup of hot tea for mother.
Moving to the next coach, Alice was greeted with shouts by a group of soldiers going on leave.
"You boys always seem to be on leave," chaffed Alice as she produced a lighter.

A crying baby captured Alice's attention. A handkerchief from mummy and "Blow for Auntie Alice"-and "when the train starts we'll go along and see the guard if baby is a good girl"-and the tears ceased.
Alice likes her job. "At least, I know more geography than I did when I went to school. There isn't a blade of grass between London and Manchester that I don't know."

ANOTHER secret weapon of the Germans is a field telephone instrument which uses light as the transmission agent for speech.
Use of light transmission avoids the disadvantages of wires for the normal field telephone and of radiation to the enemy of messages sent by wireless.
By using filters, visible light rays are stopped at night and the apparatus can be used in fog. A light beam, constantly varying in intensity, is sent out and picked up by a receiver fitted with a telescope and photo-electric cell. The whole apparatus can be moved about by one man.

BRITAIN'S 211 State-owned public-houses in the Carlisle, Gretna and Cromarty Firth districts made a net profit of £230,339 last year, an increase of £22,626 on the previous year.
The annual report on the State management districts says supplies were rationed, but generally it was possible to maintain opening hours.
Not living in those districts, I can't decide whether that's a good thing or not.

Ron Richards

**Good
Morning**

★
“DANCE OF
SLUMBERING
IDOL”
★



“ So that’s your game, is it ? I go to sleep in the sunshine while you two go and have a nice cup of coffee ! ”



This England

Oriel Lane, Oxford, with the spire of St. Mary's Church bathed in sunlight in the background.



“ WE EVEN HAVE
OUR UPS AND
DOWNS AT
FEED-TIME ”



“ I PREFER YOU INSIDE ME, TO
INSIDE MY BED ”

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

